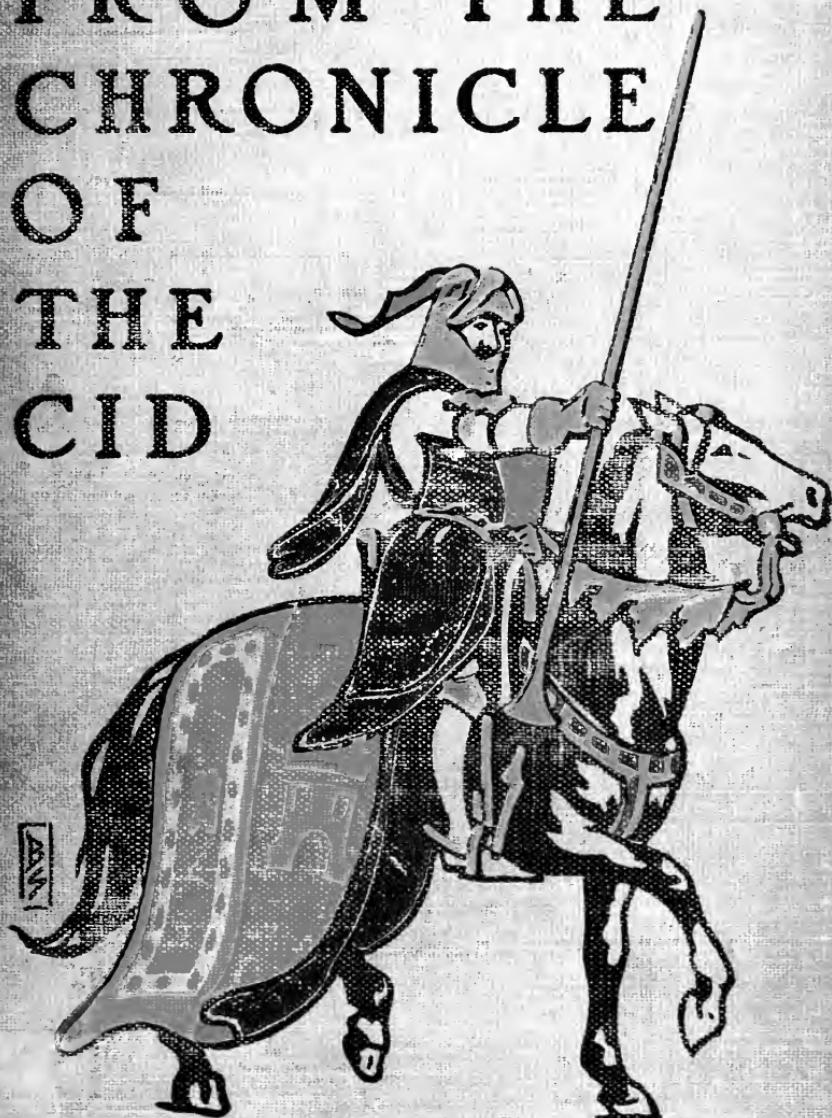


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CID



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Marriage of Rodrigo and Ximena.

STORIES
FROM THE
CHRONICLE OF THE CID

BY

MARY WRIGHT PLUMMER

Author of

"Roy and Ray in Mexico," "Roy and Ray in Canada," etc.



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HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY
1910

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PREFACE

EVERY nation has its hero or heroes, and the hero of the Spanish people is Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, called El Seid or Cid (The Chief). He was a historic person who really lived and died in the eleventh century, when the provinces of Spain were under different rulers and the country was continually harassed by the Moors, who were not finally driven out until 1609.

About fifty years after the death of Ruy Diaz there was written a long poem called the *Poema del Cid*, telling of his great deeds as a leader against the Moors.

The other principal source of our knowledge of the Cid is a portion of a work called the *Cronica Rimada*, a history of Spain from the death of King Pelayo to Ferdinand the Great. This was written in the last years

of the twelfth or first of the thirteenth century.

The author of this little book has made no effort to disentangle the real Cid from the Cid of legend, but has selected from Southey's *Chronicle of the Cid* (itself translated from the *Poema del Cid*, from a *Chronicle* published in Burgos, 1593, and from the *Romances of the Cid*), and from Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads*, such portions as seemed to her most likely to interest boys and girls and to give a conception of the hero as most Spanish children probably know him.

She begs to acknowledge her indebtedness to the Library of the Hispanic Society of America for many courtesies.

M. W. P.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE YOUTH AND MARRIAGE OF THE CID	3
II. STORY OF THE LEPER	10
III. REIGN OF KING DON SANCHO	20
IV. KING DON ALFONSO AND THE MOORISH KING ALIMAYMON	30
V. THE CID'S EXILE	38
VI. RETURN FROM EXILE	47
VII. MARTIN PELAEZ, THE COWARD	54
VIII. SIEGE OF VALENCIA BY THE MOORS	65
IX. THE INFANTES OF CARRION	75
X. THE CID'S VICTORY OVER TWENTY-NINE MOORISH KINGS	84
XI. TREACHERY OF THE INFANTES OF CARRION	94
XII. THE RESCUE OF DOÑA ELVIRA AND DOÑA SOL . .	102
XIII. THE CORTES AT TOLEDO	110
XIV. PUNISHMENT OF THE INFANTES OF CARRION . .	120
XV. THE CID'S DEATH	130
XVI. THE CID'S LAST RIDE ON BABIECA	141
LIST OF PLACES IN BURGOS	156

ILLUSTRATIONS

MARRIAGE OF RODRIGO AND XIMENA	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE CID	2
DON ALFONSO'S ESCAPE FROM THE MONASTERY	25
THE JEWS AND THE TREASURE-CHEST	41
MARTIN PELAEZ AT THE CID'S TABLE	55
ALVAR FAÑEZ AND THE TWO HUNDRED HORSES	71
THE PET LION OF THE CID	87
THE CHAMPIONS OF THE CID	121
MESSENGER FROM THE KINGS OF ARAGON AND NAVARRE	131
THE DEPARTURE FROM VALENCIA	143
THE TOMB OF THE CID IN THE MONASTERY OF BURGOS	151

**STORIES FROM THE CHRONICLE
OF THE CID**



THE CID

Facsimile of cut from reprint in Library of the Hispanic Society of America of old chapbook, *Historia del muy esforzado caballero el CID RUY DIAZ, CAMPEADOR.* Sevilla: Manuel Nicolàs Vazquez. n. d

CHRONICLE OF THE CID

CHAPTER I

THE YOUTH AND MARRIAGE OF THE CID

RODRIGO DIAZ DE BIVAR was the name by which our hero was christened in the church of St. Martin at Burgos, Spain, in the year 1026; but he is frequently called Ruy Diaz as a sort of contraction. He gained other titles as he went through life, such as the Cid, or Chief, and Campeador, the Champion, and in many places we find him mentioned as “the Perfect One,” “he who was born in a good hour,” etc. He was of good family, almost as good as that of the King Don Ferrando, ruler of Castile and Leon, and his father, Don Diego, was high in honor at court.

Diego, at the time the *Chronicle of the Cid* begins, was an old man, weak and infirm in body, though he kept the high Castilian spirit that would not brook the slightest insult, and was very sensitive about his honor. It happened that he fell into a dispute with the Count Don Gomez, Lord of Gormaz, a powerful warrior in the prime of his years, and the Count in a moment of cowardly anger struck him on the cheek. The old courtier was too feeble to avenge himself for this the first affront that had ever been offered to one of his race, and he retired to his home to brood in solitude over the wrong which was likely to embitter the rest of his life.

In these days, feeling that such a blow does more harm to him who offers than to him who receives it, we do not look upon this affair as a disgrace to Diego; and we must imagine ourselves back in those warlike times, surrounded by haughty Castilians and fiery soldiers jealous of their honor to the last

degree, in order to understand the depth of his trouble. Rodrigo at this time was a mere youth, not at all a match for the Count Don Gomez, but he felt deeply the affront offered to his house, and knew that upon him alone could his father depend for vengeance. So, the *Chronicle* says, “he asked nothing but justice of heaven, and of man he asked only a fair field.” Taking his father’s sword, he went out and fought with the Count and killed him, thus wiping out, as he thought, the insult done to his father.

Don Diego felt himself avenged, and placed his son above him at table as a sign that Rodrigo was now head of the house and must uphold its honor. Soon after this the old courtier died, and his son was in reality the chief of his family.

It was at about this time that Rodrigo displayed great valor in his first sallies against the Moors, who were ravaging and plundering the country, and took prisoner five Moor-

ish kings, with many of their followers and much spoil.

He brought the kings to his aged mother, who must have been very proud of her son's prowess, but prouder still of the generosity which led him to send them back to their own country without a ransom. The kings themselves showed that they appreciated this treatment by sending him tribute afterwards and of their own will declaring themselves his vassals, or subjects. It was they who gave him the name of El Seid, or the Cid, the name by which he is best known to this day.

And now we come to a most curious episode in the life of our hero,—his marriage to Doña Ximena Gomez, the daughter of the Count whom he had slain. The most curious part of it is that the lady herself went to King Don Ferrando, who, like most kings in those days, could control the marriages of his subjects, and begged him to marry her to Rodrigo. The reasons she gave for wishing

this were, first, that she believed Rodrigo was destined to be one of the first men of the land, and second, that she desired to show forgiveness, a most Christian virtue, toward the man who had killed her father, and thus to end the feud between the two houses. Shocking as this marriage appears to us, it seems to have struck the King as a very happy arrangement of the difficulties between the two noble families; and he agreed to broach the matter to the Cid. Rodrigo, who, as we shall see, tried always to be obedient to his sovereign, gave his consent; but the old ballad tells us that:

“ When the fair Ximena came forth to plight her hand,
Rodrigo gazing on her, his face could not command:

“ He stood and blushed before her; thus at the last
said he—
‘ I slew thy sire, Ximena, but not in villainy:—

“ ‘ In no disguise I slew him, man against man I stood :

There was some wrong between us and I did shed his blood.

“ ‘ I slew a man, I owe a man ; fair lady, by God’s grace,

An honored husband thou shalt have in thy dead father’s place.’ ”

This was a very delicate way of putting it, saying only, “ There was some wrong between us ”—when the wrong had been solely on the part of the Count Don Gomez; and if anything could reconcile us to the thought of such a match, it would be the feeling that Rodrigo was only doing the lady justice in giving her a protector in place of the one she had lost at his hands.

To give an idea of the festivities that accompanied Rodrigo’s marriage, I quote from a ballad describing the occasion :

“ The King had taken order that they should rear an arch,

From house to house all over, in the way where
they must march;
They have hung it all with lances, and shields,
and glittering helms,
Brought by the Campeador from out the Moorish
realms.

“ They have scattered olive branches and rushes on
the street,
And the ladies fling down garlands at the
Campeador’s feet;
With tapestry and broidery their balconies
between,
To do his bridal honor, their walls the burghers
screen.

“ They lead the bulls before them, all covered o’er
with trappings;
The little boys pursue them, with hootings and
with clappings;
The fool, with cap and bladder, upon his ass goes
prancing
Amidst troops of captive maidens with bells and
cymbals daneing.”

CHAPTER II

STORY OF THE LEPER

WHEN Rodrigo was married, he took his wife home to his mother, and bade them love each other for his sake, and then, the King sending for him, he went forth to engage in the royal service; but first he gained the King's consent to go on a pilgrimage to Compostella and do homage to St. Mary.

Like all the noblemen of the time, Rodrigo traveled with a band of knights, and on this occasion he had twenty. The King had given him lands and gifts at the time of his wedding, so that he was now quite rich, and no doubt traveled in great state; nevertheless, he was mindful of the needs of others, and all along the way he distributed alms to the

poor and sympathized with them. It happened that among these was a leper who had fallen into a quagmire, and who called upon the horsemen to help him out. Now, leprosy was a terrible disease and made of its victim a most disgusting-looking object; and most people would have turned away and left the poor creature to help himself as best he could. This, in fact, was what the knights of Rodrigo's company did; but the Cid was a hero not only on the battlefield, and his great heart was stirred with pity for this loathsome thing that needed his aid. So he alighted from his steed, and helped the leper out of the quagmire, and to the great indignation of the knights took him up before him on his horse and carried him thus to the inn where they were all to spend the night. At supper, when the knights with scowling looks kept themselves as far as possible from the sick man, Rodrigo gave them a lesson in true knighthood by sharing the meal with him. This so

offended the company that they left the room. But the Cid did even more, in the goodness of his heart. He ordered beds prepared for all his band, and a chamber to be made ready for himself and the leper. It was done, and the two men lay down to sleep; and when Rodrigo thought of his beautiful young wife, his fine health, his wealth, and favor with the King, and contrasted all these with the lot of the homeless, friendless, stricken beggar beside him, I am sure he felt a glow at his heart that he had been able to do something toward lightening the burden of the outcast.

About midnight he awoke feeling a breath as of cold air blow right through him from his back to his breast, and he put his hand back to touch his companion, but in vain, for the leper was gone. This frightened him, for, like all the people of that time, he believed in and feared evil spirits; so he arose and called for a light, and looked everywhere in

the room but could not find any one; then, lest the thing, whatever it was, should return, he left the light burning and went back to bed, but could not sleep. And after awhile, the legend says, he saw standing before him a form in white garments, and it said to him, “Sleepest thou, or wakest thou, Rodrigo?” And he said, “I do not sleep; but who art thou that bringest with thee such brightness and so sweet an odor?” And the form answered, “I am St. Lazarus. Know thou that I was the leper to whom thou didst so much good and so great honor for the love of God; and because thou didst this for His sake, hath God now granted thee a great gift.” Then he went on to say that no matter where Rodrigo might be, whenever he felt that cold breath blow through him he might know by that that whatever work he had in hand would be sure to succeed. His name was to gain in honor every day, he was to be feared in battle by his enemies, and to die an honorable

death in his own home when he should be full of years. Praying him to persevere in doing good, St. Lazarus left him, and Rodrigo fell upon his knees and prayed. The next morning he proceeded on his pilgrimage, giving out alms and kind words as before.

The first work that was given to the Cid to perform after this was a trial by combat with a famous knight in the service of the King of Aragon, and the point to be decided was whether a certain city belonged to that King or to King Don Ferrando. Although his opponent was held to be “the best knight in all Spain,” Rodrigo was the winner in the contest, and the city belonged thereafter to his King.

Like most successful men, Rodrigo had enemies who were jealous of his rising fame, and some of them tried to injure him. They agreed with the Moors to engage in a mock battle to which Rodrigo should be summoned to fight, and in which he was to be killed by

the latter; but among the Moors to whom notice of this plot was sent were the five kings whom in former years he had set at liberty. These showed their gratitude now in a very substantial way by sending to the Cid the letters containing the plot. Rodrigo thought that such falsity deserved to be exposed to the King, and showed him the letters. The King was shocked, and ordered the conspirators to leave his dominions, and Rodrigo to see that they did so, since he himself was going on a pilgrimage. But the wife of one of the chief plotters was a kinswoman of Rodrigo, and came to him in great grief, imploring a letter to some king under whom she and her lord might seek protection; so the Cid, who would not allow his cousin to kneel to him as she would fain have done, gave her very readily a letter to the King of Cordova. This King welcomed the lady and her husband, the Count Don Garcia Ordoñez, for the Cid's sake, and gave them the estate of Cabra to

live upon; but the disposition of the Count was not improved by this kindness, for he afterward made war upon the King from this very estate, until Rodrigo was compelled to take it from him.

Up to this time the Cid had not belonged to the order of knights; and he was very anxious to be knighted by the King's hand. An opportunity soon came. The city of Coimbra, which was held by the Moors, had been besieged six months by the Castilian hosts under King Don Ferrando and the Cid, and finally yielded, the Moors being allowed to depart in safety. Their great mosque was changed to a Christian church and dedicated to St. Mary, and in it was the ceremony performed of knighting the Cid. The King girded on his sword, and gave him the kiss, but not the blow with the hand upon the neck as was customary. This blow was always accompanied with the words, “Awake, and sleep not in the affairs of knighthood,”

and a Spanish writer says that the King omitted these words and the blow because he knew well that the Cid did not need any such injunction. After this, the Queen, to do him more honor, gave him his horse, and the Infanta (that is, the Princess) Doña Urraca fastened on his spurs,—and he was called thereafter Ruy Diaz. The King then commanded him to knight nine nobles for his squires, which he did,—and the ceremony was over.

Shortly after, the King and Ruy Diaz were at Zamora, when the five Moorish kings sent messengers with tribute to the Cid, and they delivered their messages in the King's presence. Ruy Diaz offered to the King one-fifth of the tribute, but the King would not receive it, but ordered that from that time Ruy Diaz should be called the Cid, because it was the name given him by the Moors.

After many years of wars in which he was nearly always triumphant, thanks to the

leadership of the Cid, King Don Ferrando drew near his death. In the opinion of those times, his life had been well spent; most of his wars had been against the Moors, who were not Christians and were therefore thought fit subjects for expulsion from Spanish territory, he had enriched the churches and monasteries with the spoils taken in battle, and he had made a great many pilgrimages. When he found that he could not live many days longer, he began to arrange for the disposition of his kingdom. According to the old Gothic law, the kingdom was never to be divided, but to remain under one lord, and this would make it the inheritance of Don Sancho, the King's eldest son. But the old King loved all his children, and was afraid such an arrangement would cause trouble among them; so he parceled out the kingdom among his three sons and two daughters, and thought he was doing a very wise thing.

The Infante Don Sancho considered himself robbed of his rights, however, and said so to his father, and many in the kingdom took sides with him, while others thought that as the King had won most of his dominions he had a right to dispose of them as suited him.

Among the last acts of his life, King Don Ferrando commended to his oldest son the Cid Ruy Diaz, and some days after he breathed his last, having reigned thirty-one years.

CHAPTER III

REIGN OF KING DON SANCHO

ALTHOUGH King Don Sancho had every intention of recovering the kingdoms occupied by his brothers, King Don Alfonso and King Don Garcia, which he considered his own by right, he became so involved in wars with other kings that he could not carry out his intentions at once; and in the meantime the youngest brother, Don Garcia, had taken by force from his sister, Doña Urraca, a great part of her inheritance. King Don Sancho was glad to hear of this, for it gave him an excuse for proceeding against his brother and taking away his kingdom; and he counseled with the Cid as to what he should do to gain his end. The Cid was greatly troubled, for he had promised the former

King that he would always counsel Don Sancho as best he could; and now here was the young King determined to go against his father's wishes and create the family quarrels that the old King had tried to avoid.

Finding that nothing he could say would change King Don Sancho's mind, the Cid advised him to write to Don Alfonso, the second brother, to secure safe passage through his dominions on the way to those of Don Garcia, and recommended that if safe passage should be refused the whole project should be given up.

On this advice King Don Sancho acted, though he tried to persuade Don Alfonso to join him in the expedition, but in vain; and afterward when Don Garcia sent to Don Alfonso for help, it was equally in vain; for Don Alfonso had resolved to have nothing to do with the quarrel.

After two defeats and after King Don San-

cho had once been taken prisoner and rescued, the tide was finally turned in his favor by the appearance of Ruy Diaz and his men at a critical moment, and Don Garcia was taken. This success made King Don Sancho anxious to try again, and he sent a challenge to Don Alfonso, commanding him to yield up his kingdom. This King Don Alfonso refused to do, and so they fell to fighting. The first day Don Alfonso was forced to flee from the field to avoid being taken; in the next battle the Cid came up just in time to prevent Don Sancho's forces from retreating, and, rallying them, went against the enemy and took Don Alfonso prisoner. Just here the Cid's bravery had a fine chance to display itself. Thirteen knights of Leon, seeing King Don Sancho alone, he having become separated from his company, took him prisoner and were leading him away from the battle-field, when the Cid caught sight of them and galloped after them, though he was alone and

had no lance, his having been broken in battle. He called upon the knights to give up their prisoner, but they bade him let them alone or they would take him prisoner also. Upon this the Cid grew angry, and cried out, “ Give me but a lance and I will, single as I am, rescue my lord from all of ye.” Thinking themselves perfectly safe against one man, the knights gave him a lance, and very soon he had slain eleven of the thirteen, and the other two begged for mercy and received it; and then the Cid conducted his King from the field in safety.

It seems that King Don Alfonso was a great favorite with both his sisters, Doña Urraca and Doña Elvira, and they were very much afraid that he would be put to death by King Don Sancho; and in their distress they followed the family fashion of consulting the Cid. Ruy Diaz had received instruction in his boyhood in company with Doña Urraca, and he admired and respected her

very much, so that there was nothing honorable that he would not do for her; so he went with her to King Don Sancho, and she begged the King to allow Don Alfonso to go into the royal monastery of Benedictines; and after hearing the Cid's counsel, the King consented to set his brother free on this condition. Of the fate of the other brother, Don Garcia, the *Chronicle* says no more, and we shall have to leave him where King Don Sancho put him, in the castle of Luna under watch and ward.

As for Don Alfonso, he did not stay long in the monastery, but fled at night and went to the Moorish King of Toledo, with whom he established a warm friendship.

King Don Sancho, hearing of this breach of faith on the part of his brother, went against his kingdom of Leon and took it, and wore the crown as ruler of the three kingdoms. Suspecting that his sisters had had something to do with Don Alfonso's



Don Alfonso's Escape from the Monastery.

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flight, he determined to take away their possessions also; and he followed out this intention until he came to the city of Zamora, which belonged to Doña Urraca, and which she utterly refused to yield up.

Knowing the influence of the Cid with Doña Urraca, the King sent him, much against his will, to offer to buy the city or to give other territory in exchange for it; and to say that if these terms were not accepted it should be taken by arms. Doña Urraca was made of as stern stuff as her brother, and, after consulting her people, sent word to the King that she and they would die rather than give up the city, either for money or in exchange. The King fancied that Ruy Diaz had advised Doña Urraca to this decision, and called him to account, but the Cid answered that he had acted as a true vassal, adding, “ Howbeit, O King, I will not bear arms against the Infanta your sister, nor against Zamora, because of the days which are past; and I be-

seech you, do not persist in doing this wrong."

At this the King was very angry and bade him leave the kingdom within nine days. And the Cid was angry in his turn, and set forth immediately with his retainers, twelve hundred in all, upon the road to Toledo, meaning to join Don Alfonso and the Moors. Fortunately for the King, there were some among his counselors who dared advise him even in the moment of his wrath, and they knew the value of the Cid and realized what the King was losing in sending him away; and following their advice, King Don Sancho sent messengers after him to say that the command had been given in anger, and that he might return on his own terms. This the Cid was glad to do, for he did not wish to place himself on the side of the Moors. So he returned to the King, who came out with five hundred knights to meet him; and though the attack on Zamora took place, the Cid did

not bear arms against the city, “ because of the days which were past.” It would have been well, indeed, for King Don Sancho if he had taken the Cid’s advice, for the siege of Zamora ended disastrously for him. He was treacherously stabbed in the back by a citizen who had stolen out of the city and who thought thus to win favor with Doña Urraca; but being thrust out of the city, the assassin fled, and, it is supposed, went to live among the Moors, as he was never heard of afterward. Before King Don Sancho died of his wounds, he did as his father had done, commended the Cid to King Don Alfonso, absolving him from the charge of having any wish or will to oppose the arrangements made by the old King Don Ferrando.

CHAPTER IV

KING DON ALFONSO AND THE MOORISH KING ALIMAYMON

KING DON SANCHO being dead, Don Alfonso made all haste to leave Toledo and the Moorish King and come to Zamora to his sister. But before leaving his host he swore an oath never to make war against him or any of his sons. When he reached Zamora, Doña Urraca had assembled a Cortes, which was a sort of parliament, and all were ready and glad to swear allegiance to the new King, except the Castilians and those from Navarre, for they feared that King Don Alfonso had had some hand in the treacherous taking-off of his brother. Nevertheless, they did him homage by kissing his hand, all but Ruy Diaz; and the King, before them all, inquired

of the Cid why he withheld his homage. The Cid bravely answered that all present suspected King Don Alfonso of knowing more than appeared about his brother's death, and that he, for one, would never kiss the King's hand nor receive him as lord until he had cleared himself of this charge.

The King, taking counsel of the chiefs, agreed to go to Burgos, and with twelve of his knights take an oath in a certain church there that he was clear of all part or knowledge of the crime. And when they had reached Burgos, the King and his sisters and retainers, the Cid repeated the oath three times, and each time the King swore to his innocence; but the *Chronicle* says that "from that day forward there was no love toward my Cid in the heart of the King."

Don Alfonso seems to have made a very good ruler, since it is said that in his time justice so abounded that a woman carrying gold and silver could have gone alone and

unmolested from one end of the land to the other. He was “a comforter of the sorrowful and a consoler of the poor and of those who were oppressed.”

A beautiful story is told of him in connection with the Moorish King Alimaymon, who had been so kind to him during his exile. Alimaymon was besieged in his city of Toledo by the King of Cordova, and King Don Alfonso, moving toward the city also, with his army, Alimaymon feared him as another enemy and sent to remind him of his oath. But King Don Alfonso went on without sending any answer, and at his coming the King of Cordova raised the siege and fled. Then King Don Alfonso halted his forces, and, taking only five knights, went into the city, first sending word to Alimaymon of his approach. The Moorish King came to meet him and the two rejoiced together like old friends, and King Don Alfonso renewed his oath. The next day Alimaymon accepted an

invitation to dine with King Don Alfonso in his tent; and while they were at dinner the latter commanded that the tent should be surrounded by five hundred soldiers in arms. Then he demanded that Alimaymon release him from the oath which he had made while in Toledo; and Alimaymon, now being in the Spanish King's power, was obliged to do so. Upon this, King Don Alfonso said, "Now then that you are in my power, I swear and promise unto you never to go against you or against your son, and to aid you against all other men in the world. And I make this oath unto you because there was reason why I should have broken that other one, seeing it was made when I was in your hands; but against this I must not go, for I make it when you are in mine and I could do with you even whatever pleased me."

You see these old Castilians had very strict notions of what was honorable and generous and chivalric, and if a man lived

up to the ideal of the times in these three respects it made him an admirable character and one not useless for an example in our day.

For some years after this there was nothing worthy of special mention in the career of the Cid. He went on, making the usual number of conquests among the Moors and gaining spoil for himself and the King, and at the same time making enemies by his success. After each of his victories the nobles came up to the Cid and offered him their congratulations when all the while many of them were burning with envy and jealousy of him. These feelings only waited for an opportunity to burst forth, and it came in this way. The Cid was ill at home, and King Don Alfonso was forced to go against the Moors with all his army. And while he was absent a great Moorish force entered the land upon the other side, and the Cid, who was growing better, arose and went against

it, and he followed the Moors as far as Toledo, trespassing on the lands of King Alimaymon, against whom King Don Alfonso had sworn never to fight. Here the envious knights saw an opening for their wedge. They persuaded the King that the Cid had broken faith with the King of Toledo in order that the Moors of that city might have a chance to fall upon the Spanish forces and slay them. King Don Alfonso, who was still sore on account of the part the Cid had played in making him take the oath before the Cortes, was only too ready to believe evil of him. He went in haste to Burgos and sent for the Cid to meet him there, but the meeting was finally had between Burgos and Bivar.

When the Cid would have kissed the hand of his sovereign the latter withdrew it, and said to him angrily, “Ruy Diaz, quit my land!” The *Chronicle* says that the Cid thereupon clapped spurs to his mule and

vaulted into another piece of ground which was his own, and answered, “Sir, I am not in your land, but in my own.” Then said the King still more angrily, “Go out of my kingdoms without delay,” and when the Cid asked for the customary thirty days, the King answered that he should have nine days, and no more, and if he was not gone then, he, the King, would come and look for him. The enemies of the Cid had accomplished their end—they had made a breach between him and the King, and one they thought not easily repaired, for when one is exiled one is apt to find the old proverb true, “Out of sight, out of mind.” We shall see if they failed in their reckoning.

The Cid himself was sorrowful, but perhaps more indignant than sorrowful; and the people round about were much grieved. When Ruy Diaz asked how many of his friends, kinsmen, and vassals would follow him into banishment, his cousin, Alvar Fañez,

answered for all and said, “ Cid, we will all go with you, through desert and through peopled country, and never fail you.” Then the Cid thanked them all, and said that some day perhaps he should be able to reward them.

CHAPTER V

THE CID'S EXILE

THIS time the decree of exile was not countermanded, and Ruy Diaz had to leave his home and country. The *Chronicle* says that tears came to the Cid's eyes as he looked back and saw "his hall deserted, the household chests unfastened, the doors open, no cloaks hanging up, no seats in the porch, no hawks upon the perches," and we can easily believe it, for it is just such strong, brave men as the Cid who have the warmest love for home and all that goes with it. As he rode away with his followers, he gave orders to Alvar Fañez to see that no wrong be done to the poor along the road. An old woman standing in her doorway said as he passed, "Go in a lucky minute and make

spoil of whatever you wish," and in going out from Bivar they saw a crow on their right hand and on coming into Burgos a crow upon their left. These they regarded as good omens, and the Cid feigned to be full of cheer, and said, "Friends, by God's good pleasure, we shall return to Castile with great honor and great gain."

At Burgos, the town where he was born, the people were all weeping because of his exile, and yet not one of them dared offer him a night's lodging; for King Don Alfonso in his anger had sent letters to the city forbidding the people to shelter the Cid, under penalty of losing all their goods and having their eyes put out. It was given to a little girl nine years old to come out and make this known to Ruy Diaz, who, when he had heard it, turned away and went to the shrine of St. Mary to pray, for the King could not prevent him from doing that. Then they rode out of the town and pitched their tents upon

the sands, where they spent the first night of their exile. The Cid's nephew, Martin Antolinez, had followed his uncle and taken great store of bread and wine, so that there was plenty for all the company, which was a good thing, for the King had forbidden the people of Burgos to give or sell food to the exiles. But more than one day's provisions would be needed for his company, and the Cid had but little money, most of his wealth being in lands, so he set about arranging a plan for obtaining money for his use until he should be able to live by the spoils he hoped to gain.

A very daring and not very honest scheme occurred to him as the only one that could be carried out in so short a time, and he confided its execution to his nephew. Near Burgos lived two Jews to whom the Cid had always been accustomed to sell such of his spoils as he could not use, and they had confidence in him and would not be likely to



The Jews and the Treasure-chest.

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suspect him of trickery. The Cid sent to them by his nephew to know what they would advance him on two chests of treasure which he wished to leave with them, but which they must come for at night, lest robbers should attack them. The Jews offered six hundred marks, which the Cid thought sufficient. He made a condition, however, that the chests were not to be opened for a year, for he was sure that within that time he could redeem them. The Jews were so glad to have made such a bargain, for the chests were very heavy, that they readily consented not to examine them for a year, and the Cid received the six hundred marks and a present beside for Martin Antolinez, who had been his agent in the transaction. Now, the chests contained nothing in the world but sand, and the Cid felt that he was doing a dishonest thing, for he said to his nephew, “ I do this thing more of necessity than of wilfulness; but by God's good help I shall redeem all.” As it hap-

pened, he did one day repay the Jews, but it was a dangerous risk to take, nevertheless.

The wife of Ruy Diaz, with her women and her two little daughters, was at the monastery of St. Peter, beyond Burgos. They had heard of the Cid's exile, and were praying for him in the early morning when he and his company rode up to the door. Of course, they were all rejoiced to see him, though he had come on a sorrowful errand, and the Cid caught up his little girls and cried over them just as a good father would do nowadays if he were leaving his children, perhaps for years and perhaps for his lifetime. The little family grouped together in the courtyard, in the flaming, smoky light of the torches and tapers held by the good monks, must have made a touching picture. The Abbot made a great feast for the Campeador that day, and they all tried to make merry and drive away all thoughts of the near parting.

Meantime, the news of the Cid's banishment had flown over all Castile, and the people were both indignant and dismayed, and many left their homes and the offices which they held in order to follow him.

One night at the monastery and then the company must be off. The Cid gave into the Abbot's keeping a sum of money for the support of his wife and children and the waiting-women, and a smaller sum for the monastery; and after Mass the next morning he bade farewell to them all. He embraced and blessed Doña Ximena and the little girls, and the *Chronicle* says, “the parting between them was like separating the nail from the quick flesh, and he wept and continued to look round after them.” One hundred and fifty knights waited outside to join his already large band of retainers, and they left word with the abbot as to what route they would take, in case any should come afterwards, wishing to join the company.

They had many miles to go before they should be out of Castile, the Douro river to cross on rafts, and the Sierra de Miedes, a range of wild mountains, to traverse, and all the way along adventurers came to enlist under the Cid's banner, so that before he left Castile he could count three hundred mounted knights, beside foot-soldiers.

On the eighth night, the Cid had a vision in which the Angel Gabriel appeared to him and told him to go on and fear nothing, that all his undertakings should end well, and he should be rich and honorable. And the Cid was much rejoiced, and gave thanks for his vision.

CHAPTER VI

RETURN FROM EXILE

THE next that we hear of Ruy Diaz is a succession of battles with the Moors in which he almost invariably came off victorious. But we notice this, that in almost every case he released the Moors who were taken prisoners and let them go where they would, sometimes even giving them a share of what he had fairly won from them in battle. The *Chronicle* says that at one place he gave back to the Moors a castle he had taken, and departed leaving them blessing him for this bounty. And among the first things that he did, he sent Alvar Fañez back to Castile with a portion of the spoils taken, to be given to the King, and with money for the church of St. Mary, at Burgos, in which he was also

to hang up the banners of the Moors they had overcome. The good Abbot of St. Peter's and the Cid's family were not forgotten in the distribution, and, indeed, it seemed as if Ruy Diaz had no use for treasure except to give it away.

King Don Alfonso accepted the gifts sent him and was glad, he said, that the Cid was faring so well; but he did not think it becoming a king to allow his anger to cool so quickly, so he would not forgive the Campeador just yet or revoke his sentence of banishment; nevertheless, he granted Alvar Fañez's prayer so far as to restore to all the Cid's followers the possessions which their exile had caused to fall to the crown. Alvar Fañez was forced to be content, and went away saying, "Sir, you have done this now, and you will do the rest hereafter."

Many seem to have joined him on his return to the Cid, for when he reached Zaragoza, where Ruy Diaz was staying with the

Moorish King, he had two hundred horsemen, and foot-soldiers without number. But it was not so much on this account as because he brought tidings from the wives and families of the exiles that he was so welcome and that the Cid met him with an embrace.

In one of his battles, where the Cid was opposed by Moorish forces headed by Count Don Ramon Berenguer, Count of Barcelona, who claimed to be lord of the Moors in those parts, Ruy Diaz came by his good sword Colada, which he prized always very highly, and of which we shall hear more hereafter; and he took Count Ramon prisoner at the same time. The Count was so mortified to have his fine horsemen beaten by such a set of ragged fellows, as he called the Cid's forces, that he would not eat for three days; but the Cid finally told him he must eat if he wished to be set free and furnished with means to go back into his own country. This caused him to change his mind, and he ate

and drank with a relish, and the same day was set free with two of his kinsmen. He could not understand this generosity, and rode away at a rapid pace, looking back often to make sure that no one was coming to re-take him, “which,” says the *Chronicle* with fine scorn, “the Perfect One would not have done for the whole world, for never did he do disloyal thing.”

Soon after this, in treating with the Moors who held the castle of Rueda, the King met with treachery from them by which he lost several of his best knights and nobles, and not knowing where else to turn, he sent for the Cid, who was in that region, and consulted with him and took him again into favor, and asked him to come back to Castile. The Campeador thanked the King, but said he could accept the recall on certain conditions only. And what do you think those conditions were? That he himself should receive amends for his banishment, in the shape of money, or

lands, or titles? Not at all. That the King should make a public confession of his hastiness and promise never to treat Ruy Diaz so in the future? Nor this. In fact, the Cid seemed to have forgotten that he had been unjustly dealt with or that he had any personal wrongs to be salved over; but he saw that here was an opportunity to obtain a great good for all the people; and he demanded three things: first, that in time to come, when a nobleman should be banished for whatever cause, he should have the thirty days the law allowed for preparation; that neither noble nor citizen should be proceeded against till he had been fairly and lawfully heard; that the King should not violate the charters of any town or other place, or impose unjust taxes upon it, or, at any rate, if he did this, it should be lawful for the town to defend itself with arms.

This, we should think, would be a bitter pill for a king to swallow when administered

by a subject, but the fact that Don Alfonso took it without so much as winking proves that he began to know the real value of the Cid and wanted his support at any price. When this was agreed on, the King wanted the Cid to return with him to Castile, but Ruy Diaz would not go until he had taken the castle of Rueda and punished the treachery of the Moors therein. The castle secured and its holders sent as prisoners to King Don Alfonso, the Cid with great riches and honors set out for Castile. Seven castles, gifts from the King's hand, awaited him, and the promise that all places which he might hereafter win from the Moors should belong to him and his heirs forever. However, this was not the last quarrel between the King and the Cid, or rather it was not the last time that the King was disposed to quarrel, for so far as Ruy Diaz was concerned, we find him always obedient to the King, working for the royal interests and defending the royal honor.

But there was no serious talk of exile after this, and the Cid's course continued for some time to be a series of triumphs over the Moors, which reflected great glory on his sovereign and Castile. There is no denying that the wars he waged were very cruel, for it was not thought necessary, in those days, to treat heathen nations as if they had any rights; but everywhere we find that the faults of the Campeador were the faults of the time, and that he was of much nobler character than most of his companions. If this had not been the case, it is hardly likely that a whole nation would have been contented to take him for its hero, as the Spanish nation has done.

CHAPTER VII

MARTIN PELAEZ, THE COWARD

THE story of Martin Pelaez, the coward, is rather amusing, and shows the shrewdness of the Cid and his knowledge of men. At one time, while he was engaged in the siege of Valencia, this Martin Pelaez came to him and joined his men. He was a tall, stout fellow, with strong arms, and had a very warlike appearance, but the Cid knew him to be a coward and braggart and was sorry to see him come; still, he thought that perhaps he could make a good knight of him, and so kept him. Every day parties were sent out to engage the Moors who came forth from the city, and one day Pelaez, who belonged to one of these parties, seeing them all hard at it and thinking no one would notice



Martin Pelaez at the Cid's Table.

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him, quietly stole back to his lodging and hid until the Cid and his men came back to their dinner. The arrangement of seats at table was as follows: the Cid ate alone at a high table overlooking the rest; nearest him at a lower table sat the bravest and most renowned knights, such as Alvar Fañez, while at still another table were placed those knights who had as yet won no fame in arms. When they were seated, on the day I speak of, Martin Pelaez washed his hands, and, boldly walking in, was about to take a seat among the valorous knights; but the Cid had seen his conduct in the encounter with the Moors and thought this was the time to give him his first lesson. So he took him by the hand and led him to his own table, saying, “ You are not fit to sit with these, for they are worth more than you and me; but I will have you with me.” Pelaez must have been rather stupid, as well as a coward, for he took this for an honor, and held his head

very high. The next day there was another engagement, and the Cid watched Pelaez to see if the lesson was having effect; and though, when he was fairly in the midst of the fight, the poor coward turned and ran home as before, he had taken one step in advance, for he had been among those who made the first charge. This time the Cid not only led him to his table, but ate from the same dish with him, which was the greatest honor he could have shown any one, and he said that Pelaez was even more deserving of praise this day than the day before. The poor fellow listened and was ashamed, for he now felt his own baseness in spite of his commander's praise; and when he had gone to his lodging he thought it all over. Then he began to see the motive of the Cid's action, and knew that none of the brave knights at the other table would have been held up to ridicule in that way. But there was good material in him, for, instead of being angry

and blaming the Campeador, he admitted that it was all his own fault and resolved to do better thereafter. So in the next encounter he went to work with such good will and did such execution that the Moors marveled at him and “asked,” says the *Chronicle*, “where that devil came from, for they had never seen him before.” Bravery and modesty came to Pelaez together, and on leaving the field after the battle he went quietly to his own lodging, and at dinner would have sat down unseen if he could have managed it, at the lowest table; but the Cid led him to a place near Alvar Fañez and said, “My friend, you are not such a one as deserves to sit with me from henceforth, but sit you here with Don Alvar Fañez and these other good knights, for the good feats which you have done this day have made you a companion for them.” From that day forward, Martin Pelaez became one of the bravest knights in Spain, and one of the Cid’s best

friends, and was honored as no knight had ever been honored by the Cid till then.

After the siege of Valencia, which lasted nine months and was successful, the Cid, dwelling as lord in the city, counted his retainers and found that he had a thousand noble knights, five hundred and fifty other horsemen, and four thousand able-bodied foot-soldiers; and his successes had been so great that all his people were rich. He made Valencia a bishopric, and established Christian worship therein. But now he was beginning to feel his years, and he longed to see his family and have a home again. So he sent Alvar Fañez and Martin Antolinez to Castile, loaded with gifts, some for the King, some for the monastery of St. Peter, and some for his wife and daughters; and he prayed the King to allow Doña Ximena and her children to come to Valencia.

One other commission he gave these

knights, and one which, I am sure, you will be glad to hear of. He placed in their hands the money to redeem the chests of sand, and asked the forgiveness of the Jews for the deception, explaining that it was his great need which drove him to resort to such a trick. The Jews readily forgave him and wished him all success in putting down the pagans. We should call this action of the Cid only common honesty, but the people of Castile thought it was wonderfully good of him and talked of nothing but his great gentleness and honor. The reason for this was that the Jews were thought almost as great heathen as the Moors, and contracts with them were not considered binding, since it was only by sufferance that they were allowed to live in a Christian country. So if the Cid had never redeemed the chests, no one but the Jews themselves would have thought the worse of him, and probably most men of the time would not have remembered

or, remembering, not have taken pains to pay the debt.

When Alvar Fañez delivered his message and gifts to the King, telling him that Ruy Diaz had had five pitched battles since last leaving Castile, had conquered many cities and castles, and had Christianized Valencia and made it a bishopric, King Don Alfonso was greatly rejoiced and received the gifts sent him very readily. But his evil genius, the Cid's enemy, Don Garcia Ordoñez, was at hand and said, “It seemeth there is not a man left in the land of the Moors, that the Cid can thus do his pleasure!” However, this time the King was just, and replied, “Hold thy peace, for in all things he serves me better than thou.” He not only granted permission to Doña Ximena and her train to go to the Cid at Valencia, but offered to send a guard with them to the border. There was great joy at the monastery when the messengers of Ruy Diaz appeared, and it

did not take the ladies long to get ready for their journey when they knew who had sent for them and that the Cid and his family were to be no more separated; but the old abbot was very sorry to part with them, and sent many messages of love to the Cid, who, he said, would prosper more and more.

At the border, where the King's guard left them, the Cid's guard met them, but the Cid thought it not wise for himself to ride so far from the recently taken city, and did not go forth until the cavalcade was in sight. Then he sent for his beautiful horse Babieca, which he is said to have taken in a battle with the King of Seville, put on his light armor, and with his long beard floating in the air (it had not been cut since the day of his exile), went forth to meet his family. They had never heard from him except through rumors since he had left Castile, and they were so filled with joy that they could not speak, while as for the Cid, he wept with joy as at parting

he had wept for sorrow. All day there was great rejoicing, and, of course, one of the first things to be done was to take the ladies up on the high towers and show them the great city of which the Cid was lord, and the shady gardens, and the sea.

CHAPTER VIII

SIEGE OF VALENCIA BY THE MOORS

THE winter passed quietly in Valencia and nothing came to mar the peaceful and happy family-life of the Cid. But early in the spring came the news that King Yucef of Morocco was coming across the sea with fifty thousand men, to lay siege to Valencia. Immediately, the Cid began to make preparations for a long siege, laying in great store of provisions, strengthening the walls and the towers and looking to the arms of the citizens, so that by the time King Yucef appeared before the walls everything was in readiness. Doña Ximena and her daughters had never seen the Cid's prowess in battle, and he wished them to know how war was carried on; so when the first party of horse-

men sallied forth from the city, the ladies were taken up to the highest tower to watch the engagement. Doña Ximena, when she saw the great power of the Moors, and heard the uproar made by their tambours and their shouting, was very much dismayed, but her husband reassured her, saying that the Moors should furnish a dowry or wedding-portion for her daughters, and that their tambours should soon be hung up as trophies in the churches of Valencia; and he added, “ My heart kindles because you are here.” When the Moors entered the gardens around the town, the Cid sent out two hundred horse under a knight named Alvar Salvadores, and bade him show Doña Ximena and her daughters the good-will he had toward them. This sent Alvar Salvadores off in haste, and he and his forces soon fell upon the Moors and did great execution. The ladies, up on the tower, were standing watching, but they trembled so that the Cid made them sit down

where they could not see the fight. Alvar Salvadores, however, did not know this, and supposing that he was followed constantly by their bright eyes, fought so well and was so unconscious of anything but the need of distinguishing himself, that the first thing he knew he found himself in advance of his men, and surrounded by the enemy, who carried him to the Moorish tents. The next day the Cid intended to send out a large force and to have a real battle with the assailants; so he commanded all to be up before cock-crow, to hear Mass at the church, make confession and take communion, for in this way did all the people of that time who made any claim to be religious prepare themselves for a battle. After these ceremonies they felt assured that their souls would go straight to heaven if they themselves were slain on the field.

When the Cid left the city at last, he had only four thousand men to fight against fifty

thousand; but by dint of good generalship and hard fighting his side gained the day, and the *Chronicle* says that of the fifty thousand Moors only about fifteen thousand escaped.

When the battle was over the Valencians took a great deal of treasure that was left on the field, and in King Yucef's tent they were rejoiced to find Alvar Salvadores, who had been taken the day before. King Yucef's sword, Tizona, or "The Fire-brand," the Cid kept for himself, but the tent, which was very elegant and supported by two pillars wrought in gold, he ordered preserved with care until he could send it to King Don Alfonso.

Every man received his share of the spoils, even the Moors of the surrounding region being allowed to help themselves, and the Cid, who, among his vassals, had much the same rights as a king, gave his wife's ladies in marriage to some of his bravest knights, and gave them a dowry in silver. As the

Chronicle says that the ladies were very glad, I suppose we must be satisfied, though it seems a rather high-handed proceeding, this of deciding other people's fates. Alvar Fañez, the Cid's favorite messenger, was sent with others to carry to King Don Alfonso a portion of the spoils, and they found him at Valladolid, whence he came out to meet them in great state.

Alvar Fañez delivered the Cid's message, consisting of his thanks for the kindness shown his wife and daughters, and the news of the great victory over the Moors, and then commanded the gifts for the King to be brought forward; and two hundred horses, each led by a child, and with a sword hanging from the left side of the saddle, were led past, after which was presented the handsome tent of King Yucef. King Don Alfonso was greatly pleased, and said that though he had taken many a tent, he had never taken one like this; and as to the horses, he frankly

admitted that never before had Spanish king received such a gift from any vassal. He gave orders that the messengers should be provided for handsomely until time for their return, when they should receive from him full suits of armor. Among those who assisted the King at this interview was Don Garcia Ordoñez, the Cid's inveterate foe, and he and some of his kinsmen talked bitterly among themselves, and said the Cid had sent this present to put them to shame, and they thirsted more and more to humiliate him in some way. There were also in the company the Infantes of Carrion, called Diego and Ferrando Gonzalez, who are to play great part in this chronicle. These two young men were of ancient family, but that did not signify anything in their case, for they were selfish and cowardly and cruel. But these things are not written on people's foreheads, and so they were held in very good estimation. When they saw the spoil which the



Alvar Fañez and the Two Hundred Horses.

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Cid had sent to the King as part of the treasure taken in one battle only, when they heard that he had become lord of Valencia and that his riches were constantly increasing, they consulted together and decided to ask the King for the Cid's daughters in marriage. For they agreed in thinking that the Cid would certainly do well by his daughters, and their dowry would make rich whoever should marry them. So the Infantes betook themselves to the King and made their request; and the King thought awhile, but scarcely dared promise, for he knew how dearly the Cid loved his children, and thought that perhaps he was not yet ready to part with them. Marriages in those days and in those Southern countries were contracted when the parties were very young, and probably the Cid's daughters were not more than thirteen or fourteen, so it was left to the discretion of the parents or the King as to whom and when they should marry. However, the King

told the Infantes that if the Cid approved the match it should meet with his favor, and he offered to make the proposition to Ruy Diaz' messengers to be carried to their lord. Alvar Fañez received the message, therefore, and replied that he was certain the Cid would carry out the King's wishes in the matter, and that if the King desired the Cid would come to treat with him on the subject. Then, kissing the King's hand, the messengers took their leave.

CHAPTER IX

THE INFANTES OF CARRION

WHEN the Cid saw his messengers returning he went joyfully out to meet them; but his joy was soon turned to thoughtfulness by the message which they brought and which was entirely unexpected. He did not seem to trust his own judgment, but asked the messengers what they thought, and when they answered like dutiful vassals, "even as it shall please you," he went to his wife and laid the whole matter before her. They agreed in thinking that while the Infantes of Carrion were of very good family, they were also uncomfortably proud of the fact, and the Campeador and his wife hardly liked the idea of having them for sons-in-law; nevertheless, as Doña Ximena said, that was

not the question, for if the King favored the match they could not help themselves. So the Cid sent word to the King that he would meet him and would do what the King wished. The place appointed was upon the banks of the river Tagus, and the time three weeks from then. “Then there was hurrying to and fro,” both in the Castilian court and in Valencia. Whoever had handsome clothes got them out and furbished them up, in order that no tarnished spot should mar the general brightness. Horses and mules were brought out, richly caparisoned, and put through their paces, and, in short, nobody thought of anything but the approaching festivities. The King sent supplies of food to the place of meeting, enough to last many days. As to the Infantes of Carrion, being young and more or less vain, they spent their time in devising rich toilets for themselves, and the *Chronicle* says naïvely, “Some they paid for, and some they went in debt for.”

When the Cid, after his splendid preparations were finished, finally took leave of his family, he ordered them to stay strictly in the palace while he was gone, lest harm should come to them; and he bade Alvar Salvadores and some others to stay in the city and guard the palace, for in it were his wife and daughters, "in whom he had his heart and soul." I dare say these knights were greatly disappointed, for they had counted on going with the Cid, but the pill was not without sugar for Alvar Salvadores, who was always inspired to do his best, you remember, when there were ladies in the case. The Cid had a large company, even without these gentlemen, over a thousand horsemen following him through the gates. All their horses, says the *Chronicle*, had been won by the Cid and not given to him.

King Don Alfonso arrived first at the rendezvous, and went out to meet the Cid. Their meeting was very cordial, which inspired a

friendly feeling among the followers of both, save only two of the Cid's enemies who were with the King. That day the Cid and his people dined with the King, who had been there longer and had all things in readiness, and the next day the compliment was returned. King Don Alfonso asked the Cid to sit at his table, but the Cid could not make up his mind to this honor, and so he and the father of the Infantes of Carrion were placed at a table by themselves. The King could scarcely eat for looking at the Cid and marveling at his beard, which had grown to a great length, for it was a long time since the two men had met and they found each other greatly changed. When it came the Cid's turn to play the part of host, he had such a banquet spread that all agreed they had not seen a better for three years. The King and the chief guests had plates of gold, and the rest ate from silver. The Infantes were quite dazzled by this display, and were more

anxious than ever to enter a family of such magnificence.

On the third day, after Mass, the King arose before the whole assembly and formally requested, in behalf of the Infantes of Carrion, the hands in marriage of Doña Elvira and Doña Sol. He made it very plain that he would approve such a match, and the Cid felt bound to consent, not really knowing any facts to the disadvantage of the young men; but he tried to plead in excuse that his children were too young to marry. To this the King would not listen for a moment, and bade him make up his mind and give them an answer. There was not much room for choice on the Cid's part, for when the King sent for him first he knew what he would have to say sooner or later, so he said the King might do as he pleased in the matter, and he (the Cid) would be suited.

The Infantes then did homage to the Cid as their father-in-law, and the King gave

them into his charge to be taken to Valencia for the marriage; and he also caused it to be well understood that it was he who had made the match and not the Cid. Eight days longer the festivities lasted, and when at length it was time for all to depart, the Cid distributed gifts among the company and made everybody very glad to have been his guest. To the King he gave fifty beautiful horses with rich trappings. Then he begged the King to appoint some one his deputy to give Doña Elvira and Doña Sol to the Infantes, since His Majesty could not be present to do it in person, and the King appointed the trusty Alvar Fañez.

The Cid mounted his horse Babieca, but before he rode away he said to the company that if any would go with him to the wedding they would get something by it, and he besought the King to let all go who wished. The King consenting, the people did not require persuasion, and when the two parties

separated more went with the Cid than with the King. Feeling that the happiness of his daughters was in question, the Cid wanted to know more about his prospective sons-in-law, and he appointed two faithful men of his household to ride in their company, and give him an honest opinion of their character. With the Infantes was their uncle, Don Suero Gonzalez, who afterward made great trouble in the Cid's family. He had been the caretaker of the Infantes, and trained them up to be very proud and scornful; and he himself was a great boaster. When the Cid's men reported this state of affairs, the Cid would have been very glad to break off the match, and was sorry he had ever consented to it; but as the King had made it, he was obliged to submit. Perhaps he hoped that he could make good sons-in-law of them as he had made a good knight of Martin Pelaez. At any rate, he thought he had gone too far to turn back.

When they reached Valencia, he placed the Infantes and their company in the suburb of Alcudia, and he himself went on to the palace.

The next day the Cid rode out to Alcudia and escorted the Infantes to the palace, where Doña Ximena had her daughters all ready to receive them. The *Chronicle* says that since midnight the ladies had been up, “prinking and prankling.” When the company arrived the ladies met and welcomed them in the great hall of the palace. Then the Cid took his seat, with an Infante on each side of him, and all his chief vassals sat in their accustomed seats, and there was silence for awhile. Then Alvar Fañez arose and delivered the young ladies, his cousins, to the Infantes, in the name of the King, Doña Elvira to the Infante Diego and Doña Sol to the Infante Ferrando. After this the Bishop espoused them and they exchanged rings, and all sat down again and “solaced” them-

selves awhile, that is, were merry and entertained one another. The marriage proper was to be the next day, and was to be performed with great magnificence, in order that all who came from Castile to the wedding should always have something to tell of.

The wedding came off in due season, and the festivities lasted fifteen days. They consisted of banquets, bull-fights, target-shooting, cane-throwing, songs, and recitations by the joculars or minstrels, and various other sports; and each guest was sent home with so many gifts that he was looked upon with envious eyes by those who had not gone to the wedding.

CHAPTER X

THE CID'S VICTORY OVER TWENTY-NINE MOORISH KINGS

TWO years passed in peace and quiet, during which the Infantes and their wives and their uncle, Don Suero Gonzalez (more's the pity), lived in Valencia with the Cid; and then one morning news was brought to the palace that the brother of King Yucef was coming with twenty-nine other Moorish kings to avenge King Yucef's death; for that monarch had died of grief and shame after his disgraceful defeat. On this same morning, and in connection with this news, an incident happened which made great trouble afterwards between the Infantes and their father-in-law. It seems that the Cid had a pet lion which he had kept until it grew so

large that a strong cage had to be made and three keepers appointed for it; and this cage was in an upper story of the palace, out of which opened a court in which the lion was sometimes allowed to walk about; but the doors between the court and the palace were then kept closed. This morning, however, when the keepers had finished cleaning the court they heard shouts that the Moors were coming, and after unlocking the door of the cage they ran down in great haste to know if the news were true—in such haste, indeed, that they forgot to shut the door they ran through, between the court and the palace. It is possible that the lion thought he, too, would like to verify the report; at any rate, he found his way very soon into the hall where the Cid and his sons were, with several knights. The Cid had just held a council with his vassals and decided what to do in regard to the expected attack, and then had lain down on a seat and gone to sleep; and

the Infantes and others were playing chess. It must have been something of a shock to look up and find a lion standing near, glaring at them; but, shock or not, it would be a very mean sort of man that would do as the Infantes did. They never thought of the sleeping Cid, or even of each other, but each tried to save his own precious self. Ferrando, the younger, scrambled under the Cid's bench with such speed that he burst his doublet and tore his mantle; while Diego whined, "I shall never see Carrion again!" and, running to a door which opened down into a courtyard, he jumped, and rolled over among the lees from a wine-press there, and was covered with them from head to foot. Both of them spoiled their clothes, which was quite punishment enough for two young men so vain of their appearance. With the other occupants of the room, the first thought was of the Cid's safety, and they all wrapped their cloaks about them and stood around the seat



The Pet Lion of the Cid.

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to defend their lord. This must have made poor Ferrando feel quite secure and composed under the seat. The lion began to walk toward them, when, fortunately, the Cid awoke. Seeing the beast coming, he lifted his hand in surprise, saying, “What is this?” and the lion, hearing a familiar and masterly voice, stood still until the Cid took him by the mane and led him back to his cage. It was some time before Ferrando, pale and trembling, left his retreat, and Diego, wet and dirty, came in from the courtyard; but when they did appear, the whole company began to laugh and make fun of them until the Cid bade them stop. The two brothers went out to make fresh toilets, and both were very angry; and of what do you think they accused the Cid? They actually said he had purposely ordered the lion to be loosed in order to see them show the white feather before the other knights! And they swore they would be revenged, not on the Cid directly,—

they did not dare try that,—but on his daughters, who were defenseless women. I can scarcely write civilly about these men, they are so despicable! They consulted their uncle as to how they should take their revenge, and he advised them to wait until this affair with the Moors was over, when they could demand permission of the Cid to take their wives and go to their own home, that Carrion which Diego was afraid he should never see again. And when they were away, and there was no one to protect Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, they could wreak on them the vengeance they thought they owed the Cid. This evil advice pleased the Infantes, and they could hardly wait to carry it into effect; but first, the Moorish kings had to be welcomed, as only the Cid could welcome them. Before meeting the Campeador again it was agreed by the Infantes and their uncle that they should laugh at all allusions to the lion and take in good part all jokes on the subject,

that no one might suspect them of harboring resentment.

When the Moors had finally pitched their tents—and there were five thousand pavilions beside common tents—the Cid took the Infantes and Don Suero to the top of the palace and showed them the sight, and they were afraid, though they tried to hide it. On the way down one of the Cid's knights heard them saying together that if they went into battle they should never see Carrion again, and he repeated the saying to the Cid. Ruy Diaz was greatly grieved that his sons-in-law should be such cowards, and to allay their fears and save their reputation, he bade them remain in the city to guard the palace; but they were ashamed, thinking he must have overheard them, and insisted on going into battle.

They did not distinguish themselves there more than we should expect. Diego saw a stout Moor coming at him, and turned and

fled till he heard himself called by name. Looking back, he saw Felez Muñoz, the nephew of the Cid, holding the Moor's horse, while its owner lay dead on the ground. Muñoz told Diego to take the horse and pretend he had slain its rider, and the Cid, coming up at this moment, thought this was the way of it and was quite proud of his son-in-law. Well, by means of such feats as this of Felez Muñoz, for none of which we may give credit to the Infantes, the Valencians gained the day, and seventeen of the twenty-nine kings lay dead on the battlefield when the strife was over. There was so much spoil that everybody was made rich, and the Infantes received a large portion.

Whenever there was any talk about this battle, and the young knights were mentioned who had carried themselves well on the field, nobody named the Infantes; at the same time, no one criticised their behavior, for all had too great a regard for the Cid's feelings. But

the Infantes knew the meaning of the general silence, and suspected that they were a secret laughing-stock, and they were in haste to go away. So they resolved to set on foot the wicked design counseled by their uncle.

CHAPTER XI

TREACHERY OF THE INFANTES OF CARRION

THE Infantes knew well in what form to make their request to the Cid, and when they reminded him that they had not seen their home or their parents for two years and had heard no news of them, when they spoke of the dower awaiting their wives in Carrion, and their desire that Doña Elvira and Doña Sol should be made known to their kinsmen there, the Cid felt that the demand was reasonable. The thought of losing his children troubled him, and he said, “ When ye take away my daughters ye take my very heart-strings; nevertheless, it is fitting that ye do as ye have said.” Doña Ximena’s consent was not readily obtained. She did not

feel at all sure of the good intentions of the Infantes, who had shown themselves false of heart more than once; and Alvar Fañez, too, suspected treachery. But the Cid, who was as unsuspicious as he was brave, could not imagine why they should feel so. He cited the noble lineage of the Infantes, and said that the fact that the King had made the match would prevent them from ill-treating their wives, if nothing else would. Finally, he bade them say no more about it, for God would not let such a wrong thing happen. So there was nothing to be done but to arrange for the departure of the Infantes and their wives and retainers, and they went loaded down with gifts. The Cid rode with them a league, and he noticed the birds and saw that the omens were bad. He began to think that there might be some reason for the presentiments of his wife and Alvar Fañez; and he called Felez Muñoz and told him to go with the company all the way to Carrion and

see what possessions were given to Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, and to come back and report. He had no thought of any greater wrong than that his daughters might be defrauded of some of their dower. Then he bade them farewell, and the poor young things cried bitterly as if they knew what was in store for them.

The first night they stayed with the rich Moor Abengalvon, who was friendly to the Cid, and the next day he pressed costly gifts upon them and rode with them part of the way; and the Infantes, seeing that he had great possessions, conspired to kill him and enrich themselves. A Moor who overheard and understood them told Abengalvon, who rode up to the Infantes, surrounded by his men, and charged them with the plot, and he said that if it were not for the sake of the Cid they should never reach Carrion. Then, bidding good-by to the ladies, he turned and rode back home.

The next night the party came to a beautiful oak forest called the Oak-wood of Corpes, and here they prepared to spend the night. The trees were very thick, round about, but there was a clear, green spot in the midst of the forest with a cool fountain near by, and for this reason the place was chosen for the encampment. The mountains around were very wild, however, and there were savage beasts prowling about, but they did not dare come in sight of such a company. At sunrise the next day the mules were loaded and the cavalcade arranged in marching order, when the Infantes gave directions for all to move on except themselves and their wives, saying they would follow soon. In a short time the four were left alone together, and the party had ridden out of sight and hearing. Doña Elvira asked why they had remained there alone, and her husband answered sternly that she would soon see.

Then these inhuman creatures seized their wives by the hair and were about to beat them with their saddle-girths; and the poor things begged them to take the swords Colada and Tizona, which the Cid had given them, and finish their evil work at once. But the Infantes paid no attention, and beat them with the girths and kicked them with their spurs, until they were all lacerated and bloody, and swooned away. Then, with their usual meanness, the brothers took the ermine furs and the rich mantles their wives had worn and carried them away.

Felez Muñoz had ridden on with the rest, at the Infantes' orders, but not liking the look of things, he went aside into the edge of the forest and waited there to see his cousins pass; and after a while he saw the Infantes go by alone and heard them talking about what they had done and glorying in it. He rode back to the fountain in great haste and found his cousins lying on the ground

senseless. He tried to arouse them so that they might get away from so perilous a place, for there was danger lest the Infantes should miss him from their company and come back and kill them all. When the ladies revived they begged for water, and he brought some to them in his hat. Then he placed them on his horse, covered them with his cloak, and leading them into the depths of the forest, away from the road, he made a bed of leaves and grass. When they had lain down he put his cloak over them again, and then, strong man as he was, sat down and cried, for he did not know which way to turn, and it seemed likely they should all die of starvation. If he left his cousins, all covered with bloody wounds as they were, they would be sure to attract wild beasts, and if he stayed with them there was no one to tell the Cid what had happened.

When the Infantes rejoined their company their bloody spurs were noticed, and the

knights began to suspect some villainy; and one hundred of them went up to the Infantes in a body and demanded of them what they had done with their wives. The Infantes said they had left them safe and sound in the Oak-wood near the fountain, that they had not hurt them, but had simply resolved to leave them and have nothing more to do with them. The knights were indignant that the Cid's daughters had been cast off in this manner, and warned the Infantes that some day they would be made to pay for it. Then, leaving the brothers to go their way, the party turned back to the fountain. Here they found no one, but were shocked to see marks of blood on the ground, and began to call loudly on the ladies and make great lamentation. Muñoz and his cousins thought the Infantes were seeking them, with evil intentions, and they made no answer to the calls, so that the company could not find them.

The knights then took counsel together, and

agreed to follow up the Infantes and take vengeance on them for killing their wives, for so they supposed they had done; and if they could not find the brothers, they were to ride on to King Don Alfonso, who was then at Palencia, and lay the case before him. They were so determined to have justice done that they vowed not to leave the King's palace until the wrong had been righted as nearly as possible.

So, first, they rode after the Infantes, but fearing pursuit the brothers had ridden away at full speed and could not be found; and the next thing was to go to the King. When King Don Alfonso heard their report he was very much grieved, and felt as if it were partly his fault, he having brought about the unhappy marriage. He thought, however, that complaint ought to come from the Cid, and had no doubt it would soon be presented, so he delayed action until he should hear further in the matter.

CHAPTER XII

THE RESCUE OF DOÑA ELVIRA AND DOÑA SOL

WHEN the sound of voices had died away, Felez Muñoz ventured to come out from the hiding-place in the forest and go to the nearest village, in order to get food for the ladies; and for seven days and nights this devoted man took care of his cousins in this way until he was able to do something better for them. In the village he became acquainted with a husbandman who lived there with his wife and grown children, and one day, turning the conversation on the Cid, Muñoz found that his chief had at one time in his wanderings been the guest of this old man, and that he was looked upon with great reverence by the whole family, to whom he

had given rich presents at leaving. So Muñoz thought the husbandman a safe person in whom to confide, and told him the story of the poor young wives and their hiding-place. The old man was sorely grieved at such a tale, but only too glad to do something for the Cid's daughters; and he and his sons went out to the forest at night and brought the ladies into the village to his house. The whole family waited upon them tenderly and made them as comfortable as they could, keeping their presence a profound secret from the rest of the village; and now, having put them into such good keeping, Muñoz felt that he might safely leave them and carry the news to the Cid. But, lest his strange story should seem too monstrous to be true, the ladies gave him a letter to their father, written with the blood from their wounds, which they thought would be proof and to spare of the truth of his report.

On his way he met in the town of Santeste-

ban one Diego Tellez, a follower of the Cid, and to him Muñoz told his story, and agreed with him that it would be better for Doña Elvira and Doña Sol to be moved to Santesteban, where they could be healed of their wounds. Diego accordingly saw to their removal, and before long the ladies had recovered from their hurts.

Still farther on, Muñoz met Alvar Fañez' company carrying to the King a great share of the spoil taken in the battle with King Bucar; and to them, too, he told his errand. Alvar Fañez, as you may imagine, felt more grieved than the others, remembering that by the King's order he had given the Cid's daughters to the Infantes, and he vowed that he would demand justice from the King as soon as he reached Valladolid, where the court was staying.

So Muñoz went on to Valencia, and the others proceeded to the King, and, after delivering their gifts, made known to him all

that Muñoz had told them. King Don Alfonso, who had supposed that the Cid's daughters were dead, was greatly rejoiced to find that they were still living, and recovering from their wounds; for if they had been dead all the vengeance in the world would have done them no good, but, living, some reparation might still be offered them for their wrongs. He promised to hold a Cortes in Toledo in three months, and to summon to it the Infantes, and desired Alvar Fañez to bear a message to the Cid, inviting him to be present with as many of his retainers as he thought best. Then, giving orders to have two mules, richly caparisoned, delivered to Alvar Fañez for the use of the ladies, the King dismissed the messengers, who started back to Valencia. On the way they passed the Oak-wood of Corpes and made great lamentation when they saw the place of the crime; but when they came to the village where the old husbandman lived who had been so kind to Doña

Elvira and her sister, it seemed as if they could hardly find means to express their gratitude to these good people. They gave rich presents to the old man and his wife, and, with their consent, took the sons and daughters to Valencia and married the daughters to rich men in the Cid's company.

When the cavalcade reached Santesteban there was a pathetic meeting between the messengers and the Cid's daughters. Alvar Fañez tried to console his cousins by saying, " You have lost one marriage and may gain a better," but I think the ladies probably did not find much comfort in this, and were not anxious to make a second trial very soon.

Taking his cousins under his protection, Alvar Fañez journeyed on till he came to the house of the Moor Abengalvon, whose kindness on the outward journey had been so badly repaid by the Infantes; and here the ladies halted to gain strength for the rest of the trip, while Pero Bermudez went on to

tell the Cid of their coming. Bermudez found the Cid and Doña Ximena informed of the affair, since Felez Muñoz had reached Valencia some time before, and the parents were anxiously awaiting further news. But when Bermudez pressed the Cid to take speedy vengeance on the Infantes, Ruy Diaz replied that nothing sped well for hurrying, and though he expected justice, he wanted it to come through the Cortes, which was the proper channel, and he begged Bermudez not to stir him up to any more anger than he already felt, for Muñoz' story had given him enough.

The Moor Abengalvon accompanied the ladies all the way to Valencia, and did not leave them until they were safe in their father's palace. The Cid came out two leagues to meet them, and though he had wept at the story of Bermudez, and the whole company burst into lamentations now when they saw him approaching, the old warrior

greeted his daughters with cheerful smiles instead of tears, and soothed them, saying, “Ye are come, my children, and God will heal you;” and then he made the same promise that Alvar Fañez had made by way of comfort, that they should be better mated next time. Inside Valencia the lamentations lasted three days, even the Moors that accompanied Abengalvon taking part.

As soon as this was over the Cid began to make great preparations to appear at the Cortes in Toledo, and in order that he might know with exactly what wrongs to charge the Infantes, he had his daughters recount all that had happened to them; and their piti-ful story and the scars that confirmed it made him determined to have justice done at all hazards. When he left Valencia, having placed his family and the city in charge of the bishop and of Martin Pelaez, the one-time coward but now bravest of brave knights, he was followed by nine hundred

mounted knights and five hundred noble squires, besides many common footmen, and all were well equipped for peace or for war, as the case might require.

The Infantes had been duly summoned to the Cortes and warned that they should no longer be accounted the King's vassals if they did not come. Guessing what this summons might mean, and fearing the Campeador, the Infantes begged to be excused from the Cortes; but the King very quickly sent word that it was partly on their account that the Cortes was to be held, and that the Campeador would certainly be there to exact justice from them, and commanded them finally to be present or to leave his kingdoms.

So the Infantes got together as many followers as possible, thinking to awe the Cid, and in company with their troublesome uncle set out for Toledo, where they arrived earlier than the company of Ruy Diaz.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CORTES AT TOLEDO

WHEN King Don Alfonso received word that the Cid was drawing near, he went out to meet him, and invited him to take up his quarters in the royal palace; but the Cid thanked the King and said he should not go into Toledo that night, but would hold a vigil in the church of St. Servans. So the King left him, and the Cid ordered his men to pitch their tents on the hills near by, and he himself with “other good ones” went into the church, where lighted candles had been placed upon the altar, and spent the night in prayer, with occasional conversation.

In the meantime, the King had given orders that the palaces of Galiana should be fitted up properly for the Cortes, and all the walls

were hung with cloth of gold and the floors covered with rich carpets; and the splendid chair which had belonged to the former kings of Toledo was set in the highest place and around it were placed seats for the court.

The Cid heard of these preparations and remembered that he too had a handsome chair of ivory of delicate workmanship, one that had belonged to the kings of Valencia, and he ordered a young nobleman of his party to take this chair and place it in the palace, and to guard it all night long lest some of his enemies should try to injure it. The young noble took a hundred squires with him, and they kept guard over the ivory seat all night and until the Cid made his appearance the next day.

When the courtiers came in the next morning they began to make fun of the Cid's throne and to ask the King for what great lady the seat was intended. Upon this the

fiery young knight in charge drew his sword and dared them to fight with him, and there would have been serious trouble if the King had not interfered, and assured his court that the Cid should sit in the ivory chair or anywhere else he liked, for that none of his vassals had ever done him such honor as Ruy Diaz. The Cid's immediate followers all put on armor before going to the Cortes, but hid it with ermine, and as for the Cid himself, he must have made a magnificent appearance. The *Chronicle* tells us that he wore "hose of fine cloth and richly-worked shoes, a shirt as white [i.e., dazzling] as the sun, with fastenings of gold and silver, a *bridal* [a sort of skirt] of gold tissue, and over all a red skin with points of gold." A coif of scarlet, wrought with gold," covered his hair, and his long beard was bound with a cord.

At starting he ordered his men neither to do nor say anything unseemly, and, if trouble should arise, to do his bidding promptly,

minding no one else except the King. And so they rode off.

Ruy Diaz did not intend to put himself forward by taking the ivory chair without the King's permission, and when he entered the Cortes with a grave step, surrounded by his men, he paused before the King, who rose to receive him, and asked where he should sit. The King offered him a seat beside the throne, but the Cid declined such honor and was then told to take the ivory seat. And the King ordered that thereafter none but king or prelate should be counted worthy to sit with the Cid. All in the Cortes kept looking at Ruy Diaz and marveling at his long beard, save only the Infantes, who, strange to say, had enough shame to sit with their eyes cast down. For a short time there was silence in the hall, and then the Cid rose and said that he hoped the King and nobles would hear what he had to say, and that no one would be allowed to interrupt him, for he

was not a man who knew how to make speeches, and interruptions would make it still harder for him to speak as he should. Upon this the King commanded that the Cid should be heard and that no one should disturb the Cortes. He appointed two Alcaldes, or judges, and they were sworn to judge between the Cid and the Infantes, according to the laws of Castile and Leon. After this, the Cid rose again and made his first demand, without wasting words, for his swords, Tizona and Colada, explaining how they came to be in the keeping of the Infantes; and the Alcaldes decided that the swords must be given back to him. The Infantes talked apart with Count Don Garcia, the Cid's old foe, and decided that if this were the only claim the Cid expected to make, they were well out of the affair. So they brought the swords into the Cortes and delivered them to the King, and he to the Cid; and Ruy Diaz took them out of their sheaths and found that

they were really Tizona and Colada, and he was so glad to get them again that he talked to them as if they had been friends who could understand him. Then he handed them over to Alvar Fañez and Pero Bermudez for safe-keeping.

The Infantes hoped this was the end, but they were disappointed, for the Cid soon rose again and made a claim upon them for the treasure he had given them at the time of their departure from Valencia. This had been given, of course, on account of their wives, but as they no longer acknowledged that they had wives, the treasure must be forfeited. This claim, too, the Alcaldes decided to be a just one, but the Infantes, while admitting that they had received the treasure, claimed that it had been expended in the King's service. However, after some discussion, they agreed to raise the amount if the Cid would give them fifteen days for the purpose. This was granted, and when the In-

fantes came to make up their account with the King it was found that only two hundred marks had been spent in his service, and two thousand eight hundred marks remained for them to pay. Within the fifteen days the sum was made up and delivered to the Cid, and the Infantes were sure that now they were clear of the affair; but again they were mistaken.

When the Cortes reassembled and the Cid arose to speak the third time he charged the Infantes with their villainy towards his daughters, and demanded that they give reasons for their conduct. His speech was so full of noble indignation that I can not resist quoting a part of it:

“Sir, praise be to God and your favor, I have recovered my swords and my treasure; now, then, I pray you let this other demand be heard which I have to make against the Infantes. Full hard it is for me to make it, though I have it rooted in my heart! I say

then, let them make answer before you, and tell why it was that they besought you to marry them with my daughters, and why they took them away from me from Valencia, when they had it in heart to dishonor me, and to strike them, and to leave them, as they were left, in the Oak-forest of Corpes? Look, sir, what dishonor they did them! They stripped them of the garments which they had not given them, as if they had been bad women and the children of a bad father. With less than mortal defiance I shall not let them go! How had I deserved this, Infantes, at your hands? I gave you my daughters to take with you from Valencia; with great honor and great treasures gave I them unto you; dogs and traitors, ye took them from Valencia when ye did not love them, and with your bridles ye smote and with your spurs ye spurned and wounded them, and ye left them alone in the Oak-forest to the wild beasts and to the birds of the mountain! King Don Al-

fonso, they neither remembered God nor you, nor me, nor their own good fortune! And here was fulfilled the saying of the wise man, that harder it is for those who have no understanding to bear with good than with evil. I beseech you, give me justice upon them for the evil and dishonor which they have done me! And if you and your Cortes will not right me, through the mercy of God and my own good cause I will take it myself."

After the Cid had said this and more, he made a formal demand through the Cortes that the Infantes should answer to the charge. The only thing that the young men had to say was that their wives had not been of good enough family, and that it was not fitting for the Infantes of Carrion to marry beneath them. It seems strange that they had not thought of this before entering into such a marriage. At any rate, this lame plea was all they had to offer, and no sooner had they made it than there arose a war of words

between their followers and those of the Cid, led by some taunting remarks that passed between Count Don Garcia and Ruy Diaz. And Pero Bermudez forgot that he was to await orders, and, being a hotheaded man, he took it upon himself to silence Count Don Garcia by knocking him down. Swords were drawn on both sides, and there were cries of “Cabra” and “Grañon” on one side and of “Valencia” and “Bivar” on the other, and many of the counts fled from the hall. But the King and the Cid quieted the uproar, and the counts were recalled and reminded that they were not to revile the Cid. It was rather difficult to keep order after this, and there was probably a great deal of angry headshaking and fierce threatening while the King and the Alcaldes were making their decision in a room apart.

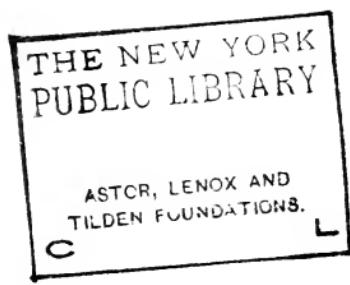
CHAPTER XIV

PUNISHMENT OF THE INFANTES OF CARRION

WHEN the King and the Alcaldes had made up their minds, they returned to the Cortes and announced the decision. It was that the Infantes and their uncle, Don Suero Gonzalez, who had aided and abetted them all along, should do battle with any three of the Cid's followers whom he might choose for his champions. This decision pleased the Cid greatly, though I suppose that to such cowards as the Infantes it seemed a very poor arrangement. I wonder if it occurred to them that if this combat came off they would probably "never see Carrion again." The Cid had no difficulty in finding champions, for scarcely had the King spoken



The Champions of the Cid.



when Pero Bermudez, who seems to have been “spoiling for a fight,” begged the privilege of engaging one of the Infantes, and two other knights offered themselves immediately after. But the Infantes drew back when the King appointed the next day for the contest, and wanted time to go home and prepare for battle. The King knew them too well to be willing to let them leave Toledo; nevertheless, at the intercession of some of his nobles, he gave them their wish, the Cid consenting.

While these affairs were being discussed in the Cortes, messengers came riding up with letters for King Don Alfonso and the Cid, from the Kings of Aragon and of Navarre. And what do you think was in the letters? Something that was like balm to the wounded pride of the Cid and his retainers,—something that must have been like gall and wormwood to the Infantes and their sympathizers,—a request for Doña Elvira and Doña Sol in marriage to the sons of these kings! The

messengers were soon sent back with a favorable answer, setting the new marriage-day at three months from that time, when the Infantes of Aragon and Navarre were to come to Valencia to claim their brides.

Feelings were very little considered in those days, and the Cid's daughters, like all the young ladies of the time, were disposed of like goods at auction. Still, we must believe that the Cid did for them what seemed best, and that, after one such experience as he had had with sons-in-law, he would not have given them so readily to the next comers if he had not been sure they would be happy.

When this matter was settled the Cid asked permission of King Don Alfonso to set out for Valencia, leaving the battle in charge of his champions, for he had much to do in acquainting his daughters with their new prospects and in making preparations for the weddings. His request was granted, and after a general distribution of treasure such

as usually took place on the Cid's arrival or departure, he took leave of the King, mounted Babieca, and rode away. There was an incident connected with this parting which is told in a little ballad of Lockhart's much more prettily than I could tell it in prose, so I copy the ballad entire:

“ The King looked on him kindly as on a vassal true;

Then to the King Ruy Diaz spake after reverence due,—

‘ O King, the thing is shameful that any man beside

The liege lord of Castile himself should Babieca ride;

“ ‘ For neither Spain nor Araby could another charger bring

So good as he, and, certes, the best befits my King.

But that you may behold him, and know him to the core,

I'll make him go as he was wont when his nostrils smelt the Moor.’

“ With that, the Cid, clad as he was in mantle
furred and wide,

On Babieca vaulting, put the rowel in his side ;
And up and down, and round and round, so fierce
was his career,
Streamed like a pennon on the wind Ruy Diaz’
minevere.

“ And all that saw them praised them—they lauded
man and horse,

As matched well and rivalless for gallantry
and force ;

Ne’er had they looked on horseman might to this
knight come near,—

Nor on other charger worthy of such a cavalier.

“ Thus, to and fro a-rushing, the fierce and furious
steed,

He snapt in twain his hither rein :—‘ God pity
now the Cid.’

‘ God pity Diaz,’ cried the lords,—but when they
looked again,

They saw Ruy Diaz ruling him, with the frag-
ment of his rein ;

They saw him proudly ruling with gesture firm
and calm,

Like a true lord commanding—and obeyed as by a lamb.

“ And so he led him foaming and panting to the King,

But ‘ No,’ said Don Alfonso, ‘ it were a shameful thing

That peerless Babieca should ever be bestrid
By any mortal but Bivar,—mount, mount again,
my Cid! ’ ”

So Babieca went home with the Cid and carried him many times afterward, and was his steed on such a journey as few men ever took before or have taken since.

To go back to the Infantes, for the sooner we attend to their disagreeable affairs the sooner we shall be done with them, King Don Alfonso was quite certain that they would not appear at the time appointed, and so resolved to go to Carrion and have the battle there. When the day of combat dawned there were people from all over Spain to witness the great deeds that were to be done. The

Infantes were assisted to arm themselves, but seeing Tizona and Colada in the hands of their opponents, sent to the King to ask that those fearful swords might not be allowed; but the King rightly said that they should have stipulated that while in the Cortes, and that now each man might use the best weapon he had.

To make a long story short, the only one of the six combatants who was seriously injured was Ferrando Gonzalez, who received a mortal wound, though it did not appear so at first; and he, his brother, and uncle were all forced to cry for quarter. The Cid's champions received the award of victory and professed themselves satisfied; but the King was so displeased with the cowardice of the Infantes that he ordered his seneschal to take their arms and horses and declare them traitors. The Infantes and their uncle were so put to shame that they fled away, and after the death of their old father, Carrion

came into the hands of the King. The *Chronicle* bids them good-by in these words, “ Great was their shame, and the like or worse betide him who abuseth fair lady, and then leaveth her.”

Eight days were devoted to rejoicing when the news reached Valencia that the Cid’s champions had won the battle, and Doña Ximena and her daughters were so grateful that they would fain have kissed the hands and feet of the men who had saved their names from dishonor.

CHAPTER XV

THE CID'S DEATH

THE Cid's arrival at Valencia, with the news of the approaching weddings, was the signal for great preparations; everything was done that had been done on a former like occasion, but this time there was more heart in it on the part of all. Besides, the Cid himself was a much richer man than at the time of the other marriage, and the bridegrooms were of higher degree than the Infantes of Carrion, so the preparations were more magnificent than before. Eight days after the arrival of the Infantes of Aragon and Navarre were spent in public rejoicing before the espousals took place, and for eight days after the marriage there was nothing but general festivity and unheard-of splendor,—



Messenger from the Kings of Aragon and Navarre.

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every one ate out of silver, there were bull-fights and fights with “certain strange beasts” given to the Cid by the Soldan (Sultan), and the Moors, as well as the Spaniards, kept so many diversions going on that one scarcely knew where to turn. For three months the Infantes remained in Valencia, and then, taking their wives and having received the Cid’s blessing, returned to their own countries. As we hear but little more of them, we may conclude that the Cid’s daughters were happily married this time, though Doña Sol’s husband died while still young and before coming to the throne.

After the departure of his children the Cid occupied himself in putting his dominions in order and in reconciling the differences between the Moors and the Christians, so that the *Chronicle* says they “dwelt together in such accord that it seemed as if they had always been united; and they all loved and served the Cid with such good-will that it was

marvelous.’’ This state of things lasted five years, and then came news from Morocco that King Bucar with all pagandom was coming to take Valencia, and make up for his former disgrace there. When the Cid heard this he was troubled, though he concealed the fact, for he felt that he was growing old and was not the warrior he had been, and he may have had a presentiment of some change. However, he assembled the Moors of the city and told them the news, and said that it was best for them to go out from within the city walls, and remain in the suburbs until the trouble with King Bucar was ended. The Moors obeyed him, and the Cid’s fears of treachery being allayed by this means, he began to feel more like himself and ready to undertake the defense of Valencia.

But at midnight, as he lay awake on his bed, devising ways and means to overcome King Bucar, a great light shone about him and a sweet odor seemed to fill all the room.

And, looking up, he saw an old man in white, with crisp, gray hair, carrying keys in his hand. “ Sleepest thou, Rodrigo? ” asked the old man, and the Cid for answer said, “ What man art thou who askest me? ” The visitor replied, “ I am St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, who come unto thee with more urgent tidings than those for which thou art taking thought concerning King Bucar, and it is that thou art to leave this world and go to that which hath no end; and this will be in thirty days.” Then he went on to say that, though dead, the Cid should win the battle with King Bucar and that no dishonor should come near his body, and, advising him to make atonement for his sins, he ceased and vanished. Ruy Diaz was greatly comforted by what he had heard, and “ as certain that all this would come to pass as if it were already over.” The next day he assembled all his honorable men and told them, weeping, of what had happened, and promised that he

would counsel them so that they should certainly vanquish King Bucar and be able to leave Valencia in safety.

Soon after he fell ill and grew weaker every day; but before he became unable to move about he went to the church of St. Peter, where had assembled the chief people of the city, and “made a full noble preaching, showing that no man whatsoever, however honorable or fortunate he may be in this world, can escape death;” and he begged them that as he had never yet been taken in battle, they would not let such ill-fortune befall his body after his death. Then he confessed his sins publicly and was absolved, after which he returned to the palace and went to his bed, from which he never rose again.

For seven days before his death he took nothing but balsam and myrrh and rosewater, a little each day, and every day he looked fresher and fairer, though his strength was failing. The day before he died he called for

the bishop and Doña Ximena and his three trusted friends, Alvar Fañez, Pero Bermudez, and Gil Diaz, and to them gave directions as to the disposal of his body. He told them that it must be washed with rosewater many times, dried, and anointed with myrrh and balsam from certain caskets which he showed them. There was to be no lamentation made for him, lest the Moors outside the city should know of his death and take courage; on the contrary, the people were to go upon the walls and towers and sound trumpets and tambours when the Moors approached. Then they were all to make their preparations to return to Castile, for they could not expect to hold Valencia against the assaults that would be made when the Moors finally learned of the Cid's death. The last charge that Ruy Diaz gave to his friends was a strange one, and I give it in the words of the *Chronicle*: “ Saddle ye my horse Babieca and arm him well; and ye shall apparel my body full

seemlily and place me upon the horse, and fasten and tie me thereon so that it can not fall; and fasten my sword Tizona in my hand. And let the Bishop Don Hieronymo go on one side of me, and my trusty Gil Diaz on the other, and he shall lead my horse. You, Pero Bermudez, shall bear my banner as you were wont to bear it; and you, Alvar Fañez, my cousin, gather your company together, and put the host in order as you are wont to do. And go ye forth and fight with King Bucar; for be ye certain and doubt not that ye shall win this battle; God hath granted me this. What ye are afterwards to do, I will tell ye to-morrow, when I make my testament.''

They assembled again, therefore, the next day to hear his last words, and to witness his testament. A man so generous in his lifetime as the Cid is not apt to change at the last, and there were many people who found themselves remembered in his will, though

perhaps not by name,—for instance, four thousand poor people were to be provided with clothing,—and all his knights were thought of substantially. He was to be buried at St. Peter's, near Burgos. Doña Ximena was amply provided for, and Gil Diaz recommended to stay with her and serve her as long as they both lived. After he had finished making his will, the Cid sat up and received the Sacrament, and said, “Lord Jesus Christ, thine is the power and the kingdom, and thou art above all kings and all nations, and all kings are at thy command. I beseech thee, therefore, pardon me my sins, and let my soul enter into the light which hath no end,” and saying this, he died. This was on the twenty-ninth of May, 1099, and the Cid was in his seventy-third year.

If we wish his character summed up in a few words, we may take the statement of a Moor dwelling under his rule, in Valencia, who said that, “he was the man in the world

who had the bravest heart, and the best knight-at-arms, and the man who best maintained his law; and in the word which he hath promised he never fails; and he is the man in the world who is the best friend to his friend, and to his enemy he is the mortal-lest foe among all Christians; and to the vanquished he is full of mercy and compassion; and full thoughtful and wise in whatsoever thing he doeth.”

CHAPTER XVI

THE CID'S LAST RIDE ON BABIECA

THE attendants of the Cid followed out his instructions to the letter,—no noise of wailing was heard in the city, and when King Bucar arrived, three days after the Cid's death, the inhabitants went upon the walls and made great rejoicings. For eight or nine days the Moors waited for the Valencians to come out, and finally began to make bastilles and engines to batter down the walls, for they thought that their fifteen thousand tents had frightened the Cid and made him afraid to come out and engage them. By this time the Valencians had their possessions in such shape that they could transport them, and it was judged best to leave the city. The body of the Cid had been

embalmed and anointed as he directed, and by virtue of this his skin looked fresh and his flesh remained firm, and, his eyes being open, no one could have told, who did not know, but that he was alive. He was placed upon Babieca and fastened upright in the saddle, with his shield and sword, while his hose were painted black and white to represent greaves and cuishes, and a parchment helmet made to look like iron was placed upon his head.

When all was ready, they waited until midnight, and the cavalcade rode out of the city in the darkness, through the gate which faced toward Castile. It was a strange procession,—first came Pero Bermudez with the banner, and following him five hundred knights,—then the baggage,—after that the body of the Cid guarded by a hundred chosen knights, and finally, Doña Ximena and a rear-guard of six hundred. They stole out as silently as possible, and after going some distance on



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the road to Castile, made a halt and waited for the rest to join them. As soon as they were safely off, Alvar Fañez set his host in order and went out to attack the Moors. There was a Moorish queen who was so skilful with the bow that she was called the Star of the Archers. Her tents lay nearest the city, and upon them Alvar Fañez fell first, and in the onslaught she was killed. A panic spread among the Moors, and instead of fighting they turned and fled; and the panic extended even to the kings who were commanding, for it seemed to them, says the *Chronicle*, that they saw an army of seventy thousand knights all in white, and that their leader, on a white horse with a bloody cross, carried in one hand a white banner and in the other a sword of fire. The Moors were in such haste to reach their ships that many were pushed into the water and drowned, and the Valencians rode after the rest, slaying all they could overtake. Such as reached the

ships hoisted sail and started back home without more ado, and the Valencians went back and gathered up the spoil to take with them to Castile. After they had gone the city was completely deserted for a day and a night; for the Moors of the suburbs, seeing the Cid go out toward Castile, and a great company with him that had not yet returned, were sorely puzzled to understand it, and were afraid to go into the city or to visit King Bucar's tents left on the field, lest some trap might have been laid for them. Finally, however, they ventured inside the city, and found that Gil Diaz had written in Arabic on the walls, explaining the strange movements of the preceding day and night. No longer fearing treachery, but greatly rejoiced to come into their own again, the Moors occupied the city, which remained in Moorish hands one hundred and seventy years.

When Alvar Fañez and his troops came up to the cavalcade which guarded the Cid, they

all went on together, sending letters ahead of them to the Infantes of Aragon and Navarre and to King Don Alfonso.

At Osma they were met by Doña Sol and her husband, with lamentations, but these soon ceased when the Cid's request was made known that there should be no wailing over his death. And at Santesteban Doña Elvira and her husband joined them, weeping silently, and so they journeyed on to St. Peter's, near Burgos.

King Don Alfonso came to the funeral there, and, hearing of his approach, the Infantes of Aragon and Navarre, with the Cid on Babieca between them, went out to meet the King, who marveled at sight of the Cid; but when he heard of the embalming process, he understood, for he knew the people of Egypt were said to follow that custom with their kings.

Entering the church they placed the body of the Cid upon a frame that had been made

for it, and set it before the altar; and the King, seeing him look so fair and lifelike, said he should not be interred, but seated upon his ivory chair at the right of the altar. This was done, and it was ten years before he was removed.

Babieca lived nearly three years after his master, and was faithfully tended and cared for by Gil Diaz, but never ridden by any one, and when he died he was buried at the monastery gates. Four years after the Cid's death Doña Ximena died and was laid to rest in the church, at her husband's feet.

The great deeds of Ruy Diaz did not cease at his death, the *Chronicle* tells us, and relates several of them as follows: every year on the anniversary of the Cid's departure the abbot of the monastery made a great feast, and gave food and clothing to the poor. On the seventh anniversary a great multitude of Moors and Jews were there, but were in the square outside the church, because the latter

would not hold all who wished to hear the preaching of the abbot. One Jew remained in the church, however, and stood looking at the Cid sitting there in his chair of state. The temptation came to him to do what no man had ever dared to do in Ruy Diaz' lifetime,—pull the long, gray beard. He put out his hand to do so when, quick as lightning, the Cid's right hand went to the hilt of his sword Tizona and drew it a palm's length from the scabbard. The Jew fell to the ground with a loud scream that brought the abbot in to see what was the matter. And when the Jew had told his story, which was confirmed by the changed attitude of the Cid, he besought the abbot to baptize him into the church and let him become a Christian. And for many years after that he remained in the monastery and took care of the body, and afterwards of the tomb, of the Cid.

When ten years had passed it was judged best to place Ruy Diaz in a vault, seated still

in his chair; and his banner was hung upon the wall.

The next marvel that happened was eighty-six years later, when there was strife between King Don Sancho, the Cid's great-grandson, and the reigning King of Castile. The former came into Castile and took possession of the land around Burgos and was driving away a great number of flocks and herds that he had seized. On his way out of Burgos he passed St. Peter's, and the abbot in charge, who was a feeble old man, saw him go by, and thought it was a great pity that he should do the people such wrong. So he summoned ten men, and they got upon their horses, and taking with them the banner of the Cid, went after King Don Sancho. The King, seeing the mighty banner which had not its like in all Spain, and the little handful of men bearing it, halted to know the meaning of the curious sight. When the old abbot approached he humbled himself and besought



The Tomb of the Cid in the
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the King in the name of the Cid Campeador to give up his booty. The King was astonished at the old man's fearlessness, and said to him, "Good man, I know you not; but for what you have said, I will give back the booty, for which there are many reasons. For I am of the lineage of the Cid, as you say . . . " this is the first reason; and the second is for the honor of his body which lies in your monastery; and the third is in reverence to this his banner which never was defeated. And if none of these were of any avail, yet ought I to restore it were it only for this, that if he were living there is none who could drive away the spoils of Castile, he being so near. For the love of God, therefore, and of my forefather the Cid, I give it to him and to you, who have known so well how to ask it at my hands."

Again, when King Don Alfonso, the eighth of the name, was preparing to engage a great force of Moors who had come to attack him,

the Cid did his country great service. The night before the battle a great noise, as of armies marching, was heard in the city of Leon, and a priest who kept vigil in the monastery near by heard a knocking at the gates, and a voice called to him that the captains of the army he had heard were the Cid and Count Ferran Gonzalez, a hero of Spain in the tenth century; they had stopped there to summon to their aid King Don Ferrando the Great, whose tomb was in that church. The next day sixty thousand Moors fell in battle, and Spain was delivered from her great danger.

In the days of Philip the Second, an attempt was made to have Ruy Diaz canonized, that is, to have his name placed in the calendar of the saints, but the ambassador who had the matter in charge was obliged to leave Rome for political reasons before the business was attended to. “ Nevertheless,” says the *Chronicle*, “ the Cid hath alway been re-

garded with great reverence as an especial servant of God; and he is called the Blessed Cid, and the Venerable Rodrigo Diaz. Certes, his soul resteth and reigneth with the blessed in Heaven, Amen.”

THE END

List of places in Burgos, interesting from their association with the Cid:

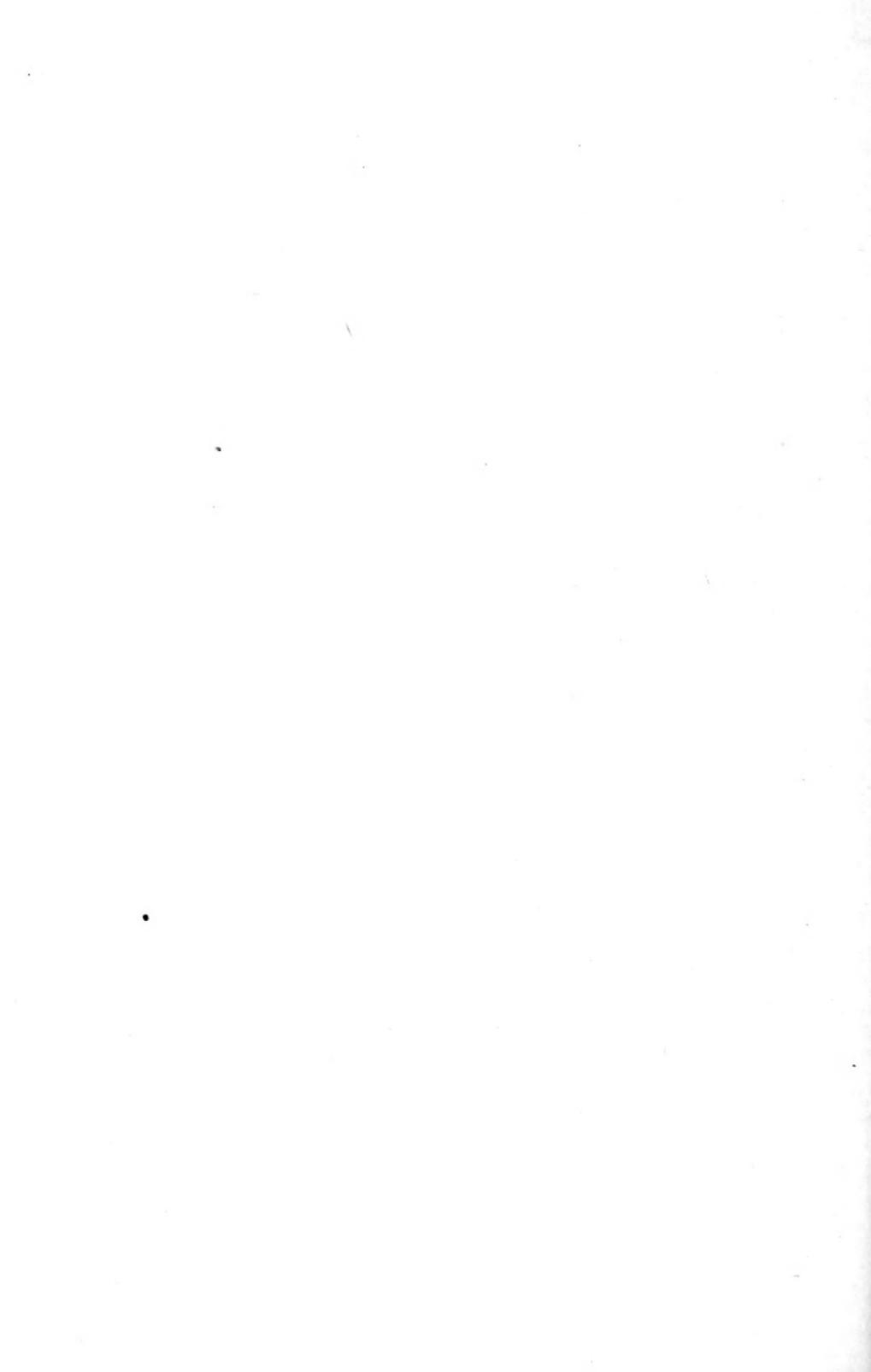
The Town Hall of Burgos contains the ashes of the Cid and of Doña Ximena, removed there from the monastery in 1842, in the original urns.

The castle in Burgos is interesting as the scene of Rodrigo's marriage.

The site of the house where Ruy Diaz was born is marked now by a pillar and two obelisks.

The Chapel del Santisimo Cristo contains one of the coffers which the Cid left with the Jews at the time of his exile.

The Church of Saint Agueda, or Gadea, has an iron lock fastened in one of its walls, memorable as the one on which King Don Alfonso swore the oath required of him by the Cid.



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